



"TELL THEM TO OBEY THE LAWS AND UPHOLD THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES."—LAST WORDS OF STEPHEN A. DOUGLASS.

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Poetry for the Hour.

THE GAME OF LIFE.

BY JOHN G. SAGE.

There's a game much in fashion—I think it's called
Each, (The) I never have played it for pleasure or luck,
In which when the cards are in certain condi-
tions,
The players appear to have changed their posi-
tions,
And one of them cries in a confident tone:
"I think I can venture to go it alone!"

While watching the game this a victim of the bard,
A moral to draw from the skirmish of cards;
And to fancy he finds in the trivial strife,
Some excellent hints for the battle of life,
Where—whether the prize be a ribbon or throne
The winner is he who can "go it alone!"

When great Gallies proclaimed that the world
In a regular orbit was consciously whirling,
And not a convert for all of his pains,
But only devotion and prayers and chains,
"It moves for all that," he was answering tone
For he knew like this earth he could "go it alone!"

Alas for the player who idly depends,
In the struggle for life upon kindred or friends,
Whoever the value of blessings like these,
They can never atone for the injuries these,
Nor comfort the coward who finds with a groan,
That his comrades have left him to "go it alone!"

There's something no doubt in the hand you may
hold,
Health, family, culture, wit, beauty, and gold,
The fortunate owner may fairly regard,
Each one in his own way a most excellent card,
Yet the game may be lost with all these for your
own
Unless you have courage to "go it alone!"

In battle or business, whatever the game,
In law or in love, it's ever the same;
In the struggle for power or scramble for pelf
Let this be your motto: "Rely on yourself!"
For whether the prize be a ribbon or throne,
The victor is he who can "go it alone!"

TO JOHN G. SAGE.

Wren pleasure, I have read your late poem on
Each,
And I own that I've played it, but never for love,
With a trio of friends taking part in the play,
For amusement,—"pon honor in no other way—
And I think, from the game more truths may be
shown
Than are drawn from the trick of "going alone!"

You mix up the cards in a nomenclature way,
Or shuffle the deck, as the card-players say;
They're cut, and you deal from the left to the
right,
With the trump card turned up, and all played,
kept in sight;
Then the player whose duty it is to begin
Says, "It's your turn"—if he holds not the cards that
will win.

The man who is playing the great Game of Life,
And long for the blessings of home and a wife,
Must beware lest he's caught in a trap by a shrew,
The cords of whose binding no priest can undo;
Or, he'll wish, when winding a forever too late,
He had passed through the world, in a bachelor
state.

Let the youth who is tempted to quaff the red
wine,
Sparkling and fresh from the vintage of Etna,
Or, to drown in the bacchanal revel of night,
The goadings of conscience, remember the life
Of the vineyard owner that lurks in the glass,
And, with resolute firmness, let the poisoned cup
pass.

Let the maiden whom Cupid, with smiling dart,
From his quiver and bow has shot through the
heart,
Not be caught by the broadcloth and glitter of
wealth,
But be sure that her lover's of worth and good
health,
Or, the Jack may turn out to be an ass,
And she'll wish she had said, at the first, you may
pass.

If slender should ever assail your good name,
Or the tongue of the envious distract from your
fame,
Don't heed them at all; your duties fulfill,
With a conscience devoid of all malice or ill,
Or you'll find in the end, to your sorrow, alas!
"Twere better, far better, you had let them all
pass."

If Satan smite with temptations so strong,
That you were and doubt 'twixt the right and the
wrong,
Resist, and he'll fly, so the Scripture doth say;
But still, despite it, he comes in your way,
Learn a lesson from Enoch which frequently
wins,
Just the debt, and forever, for the future, your
plan.

Play the great Game of Life so that when it is
done,
And its honors and victories all have been won,
When you're through with its labors and sorrows
and toil,
With faith, you may shuffle mortality's coil,
And sleep with the Just, till the last trumpet is
played,
Then pass to the crown which never shall fade.

Our Story-Teller.

THE OLD SUCKER.

BY MRS. FRANCIS D. SAGE.

"I say, Mr. Conductor, when will the next
express train go to St. Louis?"

"Eleven o'clock and thirty minutes, to night,
sir," was the gentlemanly reply to the rough
question.

"Eleven o'clock and thirty minutes! Go
to Texas. Why, it's ten this very minute,
I'll bet my boots against a jack-knife the mor-
ning express is off."

"Why in nature didn't you get us here
sooner! Fourteen hours in Chicago is nuff
to break a feller all to smash. Fourteen hours
in Chicago, pullin' and blowin'! I've been
told they keep a regular six-hundred horse
steam power all the while a running, to blow
themselves up with, and pick the pockets of
every traveler to pay the fireman and engine-
ers! Well, I guess I can stand it; I've a
twenty that's never been broke, and I guess

that will put me thro'. Why didn't you fire
up, old boy—give your old host another peck
of oats! I tell ya, this fourteen hours in Chi-
cago will knock all my calculations into the
middle of next week."

"Very sorry, sir—we've done our best, but
as we are not clerks of the weather, I hope,
you will not lay your misfortunes to our ac-
count. Snowdrifts and the thermometer six-
teen degrees below zero, are enemies we can't
readily overcome."

"That's a fact," said the first speaker, with
a broad emphasis, and a good natured, forgiv-
ing smile. "Fourteen hours in Chicago!"

The stentorian voice, sounding like a tramp-
pet, had aroused every sleeper from elysian
dreams into which he might have fallen after
his long, tedious, cold night's travel. Every
head was turned, every eye was fixed on the
man who had broken the silence. He was
standing by the stove warming his boots. To
have warmed his feet through such a mass of
cowhide and sole-leather would have been a
fourteen hours' operation. Six feet four or
five inches he stood in those boots, with shoul-
ders cased in a fur coat, that looked more like
bearing up a world than you will meet with
ordinarily in half a lifetime. His head Web-
sterian, his shaggy hair black as jet, his whis-
kers to match, his dark piercing eyes, and his
jaws eternally roving with a rousing quid be-
tween them, with a smile of good humor, not
withstanding his seeming impatience, attract-
ed every one's attention.

"Fourteen hours in Chicago, eh? Well, I
can stand it if the rest can; if twenty dollars
wont carry me through, I'll borrow of my
friends. I've got the things that'll bring 'em."

He thrust his hand, a little less in size than
a common spade, down into the cavernous
depths of his pocket; and brought it up full
as it could hold of twenty dollar pieces.

"Don't you think I can stand these here
Chicagoers for one fourteen hours?"

A nod of assent from three or four, and a
smile of curiosity from the rest, answered his
question in the affirmative.

"You must have been in luck, stranger,"
said an envious looking little man. "You
have more than your share of gold."

"I have, eh? Well, I reckon not, I came
honestly by it. That's a fact. And there's
them living who can remember this child when
he went round the prairie trapping prairie
hens and the like to get him a pair of shoes to
keep the massagers from biting his toes;

I've hung myself up more nor one night in
the timber, to keep out of the way of the wild
varmints; sleep in the world, in the
crotch of a tree top! Now, I reckon you
wouldn't believe it, but I've gone all winter
without a single shoe on my foot, and lived
on wild game, when I could catch it. That's
a fact."

"Didn't stunt your growth," said a voice
near.

"Not a bit of it. It brought me up right.
These prairie are so wonderfully roomy. I
thought one spell I would let myself out en-
tirely, but me and mother held a council, and
decided that she was getting old and blind
and she'd get too long and cost too much to
sew up the legs or trousers; so I put a stop
to it; she concluded that six foot five would
do for a feller that couldn't afford the expen-
sive luxury of a wife to make breeches for
him. It was only the love of my mother that
stopped my growth. If I'd had an idea of a
sewing machine, there's no telling what I
might have done."

"You have so many gold pieces in your
pocket, you can afford to get your trousers
made now. Why don't you and your mother
hold another council, and see what you could
do? If she would let you expand yourself,
you might sell out to Barnum and make a for-
tune traveling with Tom Thumb, and take the
old woman along."

"Stranger," said the rough, great man, and
his whole face loomed up with a mingled ex-
pression of pain and pride; "stranger, I spoke
a word, here I didn't mean to; a slightly
word, like, about my mother. I would give
all the gold in my pocket to bring her back
for one hour, to look upon this country as it
is now. She had her cabin here when Chi-
cago was no where; here she raised her
boys—she couldn't give them learnin', but she
taught us better things than looks can give:
to be honest, useful and industrious. She
taught us to be faithful and true; to stand by
a friend, and be generous to an enemy. It's
thirty years, stranger, since we dug her grave
by the lake side with our own hands; and
with many a tear and sob turned ourselves
away from the cabin where we had been raised—
the Indians had killed our father long be-
fore, and we'd nothing to keep us—and so we
went to seek our fortunes. My brother, he
took down there to Saint Louis, and got mar-
ried down there some years; and I just went
where the wind blowed, and when I'd scraped
money enough together I came back and
bought a few acres of land around my moth-
er's old cabin, for the place where I had laid
her bones was sacred, like. Well, in the
course of time it turned right up in the mid-
dle of Chicago. I couldn't stand that—I loved
my old mother too well to let the omnibus
run over her grave, so I come back
about fifteen years ago, and quietly moved
her away to the buryin' ground; and then I
went back to Texas, and wrote to an agent
afterwards to tell my land. What cost a few
hundred to begin on, I sold it for over forty
thousand—and if I'd kept it till now, 'twould
have been worth ten times that—but I got
enough for it. I soon turned that forty thou-
sand into eighty thousand, and that into twice
as much and so on, till I don't know nor don't
care what I'm worth. I work hard, am the
same tough customer; remember every day
of my life what my mother taught me; never

drink nor fight; wish I didn't swear or chew;
but them's got to be kind of 'second nature'.
Like, and the only thing that troubles me is
my money—haven't got no wife nor children,
and I'm going now to hunt my brother and
his folks. If his boys is clever and industrious,
and ain't ashamed of my big boots and old
fashioned ways, and his gals is young women,
and not ladies; if they heed their mother, and
don't put on more'n two frocks a day, I'll
make 'em rich, every one of 'em."

"Now, gentlemen, 'aint often I'm led to
tell on myself, after this fashion. But these
old places, where I trapped when I was a boy,
made me feel like a child again—and I
just felt like telling these youngsters here
about the changes and chances a feller may
meet in life, if he only tries to make the most
of himself."

"But, boys," said he turning to a party of
young men, "there's something better than
money. Get education, and mind your moth-
er. Foller out all her counsels; never do any
thing that will make you ashamed to meet
her in heaven."

All this passed while waiting to wood just
out of Chicago. The great man was swelling
with emotions called up from the dark shad-
ows of the past; his big rough form heaved
like a great billow upon the ocean. Tears
sprung to his deep set and earnest eyes—they
swelled up to the brain—and swam round
asking to be let fall as tributes to his mother's
memory—tributes to the love of the past. But
he choked them down, and humming a snatch
of an old ballad, he trust his hands down into
his pockets, walked back to the end of the
car, pulled the gigantic collar of his shaggy
coat up around his ears, buttoned it close and
leaned back against the window in silence.

The cars rattled on. What a mind was
there; what a giant intellect, sleeping, buried
away from light and usefulness, a rubbish
of prejudice, habit and custom—doing but
half work for want of culture.

"A mute inglorious Milton," or rather
Webster, going about the world, struggling
with his own soul, yet bound by chains of igno-
rance, which precluded his doing but a
miserable good in his power to do.

All the way through our long, tedious jour-
ney he had been on the watch to do good.
He gave up his seat by the fire to an Irish
woman and her child, and took one further
back; soon a young lady seated herself by
his side, and as the night wore on she
avoided warily; he rose, spread his beautiful
leopard skin with its soft, rich lining, on the
seat, made a pillow of his carpet bag, and in-
sisted that she should lie down and sleep.

"What will you do?" said she, naively.
"Never mind me—I can stand up and sleep
like a buffaloe; I'm used to it."

A little boy, pulled up from a sound nap
to give place to incomers, was pacified and made
quiet by a handful of chestnuts and a glowing
bit of candy out of the big man's pocket.
When he left the cars for refreshments, he
brought back his hand full of pies, and distrib-
uted them among the weary group.

A mother and seven children, the eldest not
more than seven years old, the husband and father
left the cars at every stopping place, and re-
turned more stupid and heavily each time.
Scolding the little, tired, restless ones with
thick tongue, and glaring his furious eyes
upon the poor grieved victim of a wife, like a
tiger upon his prey, "because she did not keep
her young ones still, they would disturb every-
body." No bit of refreshments, no ex-
hilarating draught, no rest from that fat cross
baby, came to her all the long night, and
when the big man stretched out his great
limbs and took her baby for an hour and let
him play with his splendid watch to keep him
quiet.

"I'll give you a thousand dollars for him,"
said he, as he handed him back to her arms.
"You may have the whole lot for that."

Answered the drunken father with a swinish
grunt.

"He's a bargain," said the big man, "providin'
the mother is willin'."

"Indeed, sir, it's not the one of them can
be had for money," was the quiet yet deter-
mined response of the mother's heart.

How kindly he helped her off the cars,
when at the break of day, they came to their
journey's end.

Thus all night he had been attracting the
attention of the awaking ones in the cars.
But this kindness and rough politeness would
soon have been forgotten by the mass of the
passengers, had he not stamped it upon our
memories with his gold.

"I wonder who he is?"
"Where did he get in?"
"What an interesting character!"
"Education would spoil him."

"Did you notice what a splendid watch he
carries?"
"He's some great man inoog."

"Such were a few of the queries that passed
from lip to lip. But there came no an-
swer; for he who alone could have answered
sat crunched in his far coat, seeming uncon-
scious of all but his own deep thoughts."

"Chicago!" shouted the brakeman, and in
an instant all was confusion, and our hero was
lost in the crowd. The next we saw of him
was at the baggage stand, looking up a hand-
box for a sweet looking country girl, who
was going to learn the milliner's trade in
city. As we passed to our carriage, we dis-
covered him again, holding an old man by
one hand, while he grasped the shoulder of
the conductor of another train with the other,
seeking for the deaf, gray haired sire the
right information as to the route he should
take to get to his "darter," who lived near
Muscatine Iowa."

"God bless him for his good deed!" was
our ejaculation as we whirled around the cor-
ner. May his shadow never grow less, nor
the gold in his pocket diminish, for in his un-
numbered charities and mercies dropped as
unostentatiously here and there he is perhaps
doing more good in his day and generation,
than he who donates thousands to build chari-
table institutions to give honor to his own
name.

Oh, how much the world needs great hearts
that are able to comprehend little the learned,
the wise, and the rich, outgrow the everyday
wants of humanity, and feeling within them-
selves the power to move lightly pass by the
humble duties that would make a thousand
hearts leap for joy, and push on, looking for
some wrong to right, some great sorrow to be
assuaged, and failing to find the great work,
live and die incarcerated in their own selfish-
ness, and do nothing at all.

This rough man's nature seemed the nature
of the little child. His quick eye saw at a
glance; his great heart warmed, and his great
hand executed his little works of charity—so
small that one would have expected to see
them slip through his fingers unaccomplished—
yet they were done. The recording angel
will have a longer column to set down to his
account of deeds well done, than all the rest
of the passengers of that crowded car, on that
long, tedious, stormy night in January, 1857.

Reality in Romance.

A Highland Legend.

Once upon a time, in Barr Glen, on a wild
winter's night, a farmer and his family and
servants were comfortably seated around a
peat-fire, when the wind was howling terri-
bly around the house, and the drifting snow
was clogging up the doorways. The farmer
knew that his son and the servant-maid were
much attached to each other, but he would
not consent to their marriage. While they
were all sitting round the fire on that winter's
night, he thought of a plan by which the ser-
vant-maid should be got rid of; so he said
that if before the next day, she would bring
him a skull that was in Saddle church, she
should have his son for a husband. The girl's
love was so strong for the young man that
he joyfully agreed to the proposal, although
it was quite seven miles to Saddle, and the
road thereto lay over Biennau-Tuirc. She
knew the road well, and all its dangers and
difficulties were by daylight, which would
now be immensely increased by the darkness
of the night, the fierce wind and driving
snow, and the slippery rocks and swollen tor-
rents.

But she did not shrink from the danger,
and at once made ready and went on her
way. The farmer took good care that she
went alone, and that his son did not follow
her. The brave girl went over hill and glen,
battling with the snow-storm, and tracking
her path with the greatest difficulty. She
passed safely over the southern side of Biennau-
Tuirc, and by midnight reached Saddle
church. Its door was open, burst open per-
haps, by the violence of the wind. She knew
the place where the skull was kept, and she
drooped toward it in the dark. As she did so
she heard a great and peculiar noise, made
up, as it seemed, of loud moans. There was
a tramping of light feet over the pavement,
and she heard forms rush past her then a
moment's silence, succeeded by more mysteri-
ous moans and sounds. Terrified, but not
deterred, the brave girl kept her purpose
steadily in view; and groping toward the
skull, seized it with both hands, and made for
the church-door. The tramping of feet and
the moans continued, and the forms pursued
her. Grasping the skull she gained the door,
and pulled it to after her. As she did so she
heard a rush against it; but she turned and
fled, by daylight she had regained her lover's
home, and half dead with fatigue and excite-
ment, placed the skull in the farmer's hands,
and claimed the fulfillment of his promise.

The farmer was taken aback by seeing the
girl, having hoped that she would have per-
ished amid the snow and wilds. He would
not believe that she had really been to Sad-
dle, and taken the skull from the church on
such a night; so he at once set out to Saddle
with some of his men, expecting to be able to
disprove the girl's tale, by finding the skull
still in its place in the church. When they
got there, and had opened the church-door,
they found within the building—not the skull
but a number of wild deer, who, having found
the door open, had sought shelter from the
violence of the storm. The girl had told them
of the sounds she had heard within the church.
Here was their cause, and much as he wished
it otherwise, yet it was impossible for him to
dubehere her tale. There was nothing for
him to do but to yield with the best grace he
might. He gave his consent to the match,
and to make assurance doubly sure, the lover
took his brave girl to Saddle church the very
next day, where she replaced the skull in its
old position, and they were married off-hand.
And as some of the deer that had frightened
her had been killed and cooked, they had a
hearty wedding and plenty of good venison
at the feast that followed.—*Gleanings, or a
Highland Home in Country, Outburst Boke.*

Wouldst and shall—There are a good
many people in the world who spend half
their time in thinking what they would do if
they were rich, and the other half in con-
juring what they shall do as they are not.

Do your best and defy the devil to do his
worst.

How long, oh Lord, how long?—*Sacanna's
Republic.*

Unstir you lay down your arms. You
might know that without asking the Lord
—*Isaiah's Revised.*

All Sorts of Good Reading.

Would Not Kiss a Rebel.

The Cario correspondent of the Missouri
Democrat relates the following incident in
connection with the notice of a skirmish near
that point with some rebel gun boats:

During the highest excitement, several la-
dies, most of them wives of American officers,
were in the parlor of the St. Charles Hotel,
sharing the excitement and watching the
movements on the river. A rebel spy named
Chappell, came into the parlor, and in conver-
sation outraged those present by his bold
and insulting language. Some left the room,
while others expressed their indignation and
disgust. Finally he called the child of an
American officer, playing at its mother's side,
a little girl of three years, and asked her to kiss
him. She hesitated, when he urged.

"Come won't you kiss a rebel?" With
the scornful air of an indignant queen, she
replied, "No, I will not."

One of the ladies unable to restrain her in-
dignation, cried out, "That is right! that is
noble! Never kiss a rebel and a traitor to his
country!"

Several ladies and gentlemen, have made a
subscription sufficient to procure a handsome
silver cup, to be given to the child as a mem-
orial of the scene. It is to be inscribed on
one side "Julia Bell Dunlap, December 1,
1861." On the other, "Would not kiss a
Rebel." When peace is restored—when the
bonds of Union between the States shall be
perfect—when treason is doubly infamous,
and traitors driven from the presence of hon-
est men and women, the little present that
commemorates the scene in the parlor of St.
Charles, will be an honor worth wearing.

A FAIR OFFER.—A few evenings since,
a justice of the peace, whose business is in the
city, was returning to his home in the sub-
urbs, and upon alighting from the cars, was
hailed by a rosy faced son of Erin;

"An, is it the justice ye are?"
"Yes, why?"
"Thin it's to marry a couple, we want yer,
just down the rate there."

"Well I'll step home and share, and be there
shortly."

"Never a bit of it; yer honor is well enough
as it is. Sure, it's yerself that can do it now,
indeed."

The justice accompanied Mike to the resi-
dence of his friend, where he found a man
and woman, possessed of the ordinary cre-
dentials, and being in haste to get home per-
formed the ceremony in a few words, received
his dollar, and took up his hat to depart.

"Sure, sir," said the bride, "it isn't worth
that much money for so small a job, an; it
done so quick. I don't blame I'm a married
woman. Now air, ye'll give me half back,
sure."

"Madam," said the justice, with all the
dignity he could muster, "come to my home
after a few weeks reflection and if you are not
satisfied that you are a properly married wo-
man you shall have all the money back,
and as much more."

The lady had not yet called, and the justice
is of the opinion she is satisfied that he is a
faithful magistrate.

MRS. BROWLOW.

The Parson's wife has not heretofore been
much heard of. Her husband told this story
of her, however, in a speech the other day at
Cincinnati—

"One day a crowd surrounded my house
and threatened to tear down my flag; but I
warned them they would have to do it in the
face of six loaded muskets, which would be
used by men who would not flinch from their
duty. They took sober second thought, and
marched away, but presently about fifteen
came back again drunker than ever, lead by
a young officer, who was desirous to tear the
d-d thing of a flag down. In the meantime,
I had left my house and gone to my office,
leaving my wife in charge. She came forward
and expressed her intention of shooting the
first man who attempted to haul the flag
down. The officer was slightly scared and
said—

"Madam, you won't shoot, will you?"
"You had better not try the experiment,"
said she.

"Go on—go on—about the crowd," she
didn't shoot!"

She instantly drew from her pocket one of
Colt's revolvers, and cocking it, levelled it at
the officer's head. "Never mind her, she's
only a woman," cried the mob. "By God!
look at her eye!" said the officer, as he made
a low bow, scraped the ground and toddled
off, followed by the whole crowd.

JOHN RANDELPH thus expressed himself upon
women and children: "You know my opinion
of female society. Without it we should de-
generate into brutes. This observation ap-
plies with tenfold force to young men, and
those who are in the prime of manhood. For,
after a certain time of life, the literary man
may make a shift (a poor one, I grant) to do
without the society of ladies. To a young
man, nothing is so important as a spirit of de-
votion (next the Creator) to some amiable
woman, whose image may occupy his heart,
and guard it from pollution, which begets it
on all sides. A man ought to choose his own
wife, as Mrs. Primrose did her wedding gown,
for qualities that "wear well." One thing,
at least is true, that if matrimony has its ills,
celibacy has no pleasures. A Newton, or a
more secular, may find employment in study;
a man of literary taste can receive in books a
powerful auxiliary; but a man must have a
bosom friend and children round him to cher-
ish and support the dignities of old age."

By sorrow and by joy; by joys which are
but shadows of bright colors; by prayer; by
influences of the rectitude; by your business;
by reverses; by successes and by failures; by
what strengthened your conscience, and by
what broke it down; by the things that you
mourn over—by all these God is working in
you. And you are to be perfect, not accord-
ing to the thing that you plan, but according
to the divine pattern.

A beautiful but rampant rebel bells tried to
make a mouth the other day on meeting a
remarkably handsome and stylish young offi-
cer, but her admiration was so great that her
mouth wouldn't stay pouted. She broke her
puckering efforts.

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to the divine pattern.

A beautiful but rampant rebel bells tried to
make a mouth the other day on meeting a
remarkably handsome and stylish young offi-
cer, but her admiration was so great that her
mouth wouldn't stay pouted. She broke her
puckering efforts.

By sorrow and by joy; by joys which are
but shadows of bright colors; by prayer; by
influences of the rectitude; by your business;
by reverses; by successes and by failures; by
what strengthened your conscience, and by
what broke it down; by the things that you
mourn over—by all these God is working in
you. And you are to be perfect, not accord-
ing to the thing that you plan, but according
to the divine pattern.

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ing to the thing that you plan, but according
to the divine pattern.

Boys.

The local of Dubuque Times gives the fol-
lowing sensible advice to parents:

Boys will learn more bad habits, say we, in
being on the streets one night in the week,
than all the daylight the week around. If
you want your son to learn to drink, turn
him loose at night; if you want him to ac-
quire a taste for gambling, let him run with
the other boys at night; if you want him to
learn everything vile unmentionable, give him
the freedom of the street after dark. Too
much restraint upon boys will react, as the
proverb concerning minister's sons would in-
dicate; but whatever other liberty you give
your son, let his evenings be devoted to study,
light work or some innocent home amuse-
ment. Seven years is a tender age to give a
child the privilege of choosing his compan-
ions after dark, but this place affords instances
of such a recklessness in parents.

To make a boy stay at home willingly at
night, or indeed stay at home at all, he must
be made to love his home. Have it made as
agreeable to him as possible, without being
profitless to you or him, or both. Drop your
dignity and join in a game with him; assist
him in his studies, and depend upon it, you
will be paid a thousand fold, after the boy
reaches manhood, for the pains you take.

But depend upon it, darkness and crime go
together, so far at least as boys are concerned.

NOT THAT MAN BUT ANOTHER MAN.—An in-
cident occurred during the recent sitting of an
ecclesiastical body in this city, which we can-
not refrain from giving to our readers, al-
though it partakes rather more of a pious
than a sacred nature. A worthy member
of the body referred to, met a gentleman on
the street, and mistaking him for a brother
clergyman, ran forward and clasped him by
the hand, exclaiming in the fervor of religious
enthusiasm:

"Dear brother M—, I am truly glad to see
you, how prospers the good cause in your
section?"

The gentlemen thus addressed, who happen-
ed to be a Cincinnati merchant, supposing his
newly found friend to be a gentleman to
whom he had been introduced a few days
previously on change in Toledo, promptly re-
plied to the question propounded:

"My dear fellow, things down our way just
now are damnably mixed. Whiskey has the
blue, oils are picking up a little, but the hog
market has got its back broke?"—*Devot
Tribune.*

A SKEWER IN A TIGHT PLACE.—At an Sa-
turday evening, fatigued by his long journey,
a wagoner, with his son John, drove his team
into good range, and determined to pass the
Sabbath, enjoying a season of worship with
the good folks of the village. When the time
for worship arrived, John was set to watch
the team, while the wagoner went with the
crowd. The preacher had hardly announced
his subject before the old man fell sound
asleep. He sat against the partition in the
center of the body slip; just over against him
sat a fleshy lady who seemed all absorbed in
the sermon. She struggled hard